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By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Author of
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HERE is a brave story of the mountain West. Nan is a member of an outlaw family—the Morgans of Morgan's Gap—a band whose daring exploits of lawlessness have held all the valley in subjection and terror for years. Henry de Spain, the general manager of the Thief River Stage Line, has been given his position in order that he may subdue the Morgans and restore peace and order.

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Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

Mexico's Tale of La Llorona, the Wailing Woman

By J. W. MULLER

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Mexico, which furnishes so constant and important a part of the daily news at present, has many interesting and typical stories based on legends that have been transmitted through centuries and are known in various forms to the whole population, high and low. Many originated in Spain, and some of these have so Moorish a flavor that they convey an Arabian Nights atmosphere. Others spring from the ancient Mayan and Aztec traditions, though they have been so modernized by the people that only historians can recognize the sources. "La Llorona," the Wailing Woman, is one of the latter, and is a most popular one.

In the land of Mexico it may chance that on any night a certain strange and unfortunate thing may befall anybody, stranger or native, who wanders in a lonely road or a city street. It may be anywhere—in the City of Mexico itself, far north in Chihuahua, even on the American border, or in far southern Oaxaca. Indeed, it may happen at the same hour in two or more of these far-separated places.

This strange thing will occur as follows: One will see a woman approaching swiftly with her face hidden in a lace shawl. "What time is it, señor?" she will ask with a voice oddly strained and breathless.

When he who is so accosted names the hour, there will come from the hidden face a terrible cry. "At this hour I must be in—" and she will name a place hundreds of leagues away. Then she will vanish, and through the air will sound a wailing lament of inexpressible grief and terror: "Where shall I find my children?"

If he who has been thus accosted knows his Mexico, he goes home at once and arranges his affairs; for he will know that he has met La Llorona, and he need not be told what is the fate of those who speak to her.

In the days of the Golden Viceroy, La Llorona was Luisa, a woman of the people, most beautiful, faithful and good. If it had not been willed otherwise, she should have lived in simplicity and died in religion and peace. But she was seen by a noble and wealthy cavalier, Don Munoz de Montes Claros, whose family was one of the most powerful in the city.

He was a gallant figure, and many a lovely eye cast stolen but ardent glances at him when he rode through the streets on his prancing Arabian. He chose to stoop to Luisa, and she gave him all her heart. She consented uncomplainingly to a secret marriage, and consented humbly that none should know that she was wife to the brilliant favorite of the government.

He loved her dearly at first, and for a long time scarcely could bear to be away from her. There was no happiness for him so great as that which he found in their hidden nest, where, in time, three children, beautiful as angels, played about them.

Finally, however, a weariness of his low-born wife assailed the caballero, and when a radiant and noble lady arrived from Madrid, his hot heart turned suddenly from the old love to a new. Soon all Mexico heard of a great wedding that was to be.

So high was Don Munoz's station that Luisa's neighbors talked of little else, not dreaming that their quiet, shy friend knew the famous man. She heard, but would not believe. Her true heart clung with all its splendid loyalty to faith in her beloved. She did not doubt even when the days passed and he did not appear. She never faltered until with her own eyes she looked through the tall, wide, golden-grilled windows of his house one day and saw him and his new bride throne at their sparkling wedding feast.

She did not go in. There came to her no thought of confronting them. She stood, quite dumb and frozen, amid the jostling, ragged, curious crowd. She saw him drink to his beautiful wife, who was far, far more beautiful than she was. She stood looking till the guests departed and the lights went out. Then she bowed her head, hid her face and walked slowly homeward.

She walked without a sob. Slowly she entered her house and stared around as at a place of death. Slowly she went to the wall where hung Munoz's own bright dagger. She took it down and went into the room where slept the three children.

One lay on its side with its little dimpled fist pressed to its cheek. One lay with its curly head on the breast of the oldest, whose arms were firm around it with that love that is most sacred in such sleep of childhood. Over this group of innocents Luisa leaned.

She did not kiss them or weep over them. She drove the dagger home—three times. Then the bonds of silence were unlocked within her. Stricken, she ran from the house and through the streets, her ganzy white garments streaked with blood and her reddened hands held out before her in agony of sin and sorrow.

Her trial was sharp and short. She hid her husband's guilt and took it on herself. There could be but one sentence. The next day she was carried to the plaza, and a great crowd saw the garrote fastened around her lovely neck.

Even as the screw of the garrote was whirled by the executioner, Don Munoz de Montes Claros fell forward in his chair in his rich house. As Luisa's eyes glazed, his life went out on his bride's breast.

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None knows who has become of the soul of Don Munoz, but the soul of Luisa assuredly knows no rest. She must wander evermore through Mexico, wailing for her children. And she bears with her the doom of everyone who speaks to her, for the person accosted by her surely will die within the week. Should one accost her first, and ask, as some have done: "Throw off your rebedo, señorita, that I may see your pretty face!" that man will shriek when the veiled woman obeys. He will shriek just once, and fall dead.

Mexican writers have produced several versions of this tale. It has always appealed to the deep poetical spirit among Mexicans. A most esteemed metrical version is that of Don Vincento Rive Palacio. Our own Thomas A. Janvier has preserved the same legend in a charming prose tale. Orozco y Berra, an accomplished Mexican historian (1816-1881) traces the legend to the Aztec creation-myth of Cihuacohuatl, the goddess who gathers the souls of the dead and passes through the land garbed in mystic white, waiting aloud. The Indians believe that she will not cease till a Montezuma again sits on the throne of Mexico.

SAVING AS A FINE ART

Family Thrift Is Almost Unknown Quantity in the Average American Household.

The true art of saving is in knowing how to spend our money.

Mr. Micawber's advice to David Copperfield was sound: "Never spend above your income."

Family thrift is almost an unknown quantity in the average American household.

Men are famous for their generosity and our women run their households on the same generous scale.

As the income grows larger little extravagances creep in imperceptibly—little luxuries of no great moment seemingly at the time of their indulgence—and so the increased income is offset.

Every sane man and woman wants to save. We know that it is our only insurance against the future.

No matter how well things are going at the present moment, every family stands a chance of experiencing "rainy days," and we are wise if we take means to meet them.

Sickness or loss of position has not the same dread to the man or woman who has a comfortable savings account tucked away in the bank, as it has for the person who "spends as he goes along."

Sickness or loss of position to the latter is nothing short of a tragedy.

Of course, there are thousands who find the margin between wages and a bare living exceedingly scant. It seems next to impossible to save.

But there are few of us who could not cut down our cost of living by careful buying and elimination of unnecessary luxuries.

Anyway, it would do us no harm to figure out our family budget a bit and adopt the plan of saving a certain per cent of our income for future contingencies.—*Buffalo News*.

Use Short Words.

A man who acts as tutor and companion to a young boy, wrote this indorsement on one of the boy's compositions: "Use short words—follow the example of Horatio Seymour. This is part of his address delivered by him to students in 1878: 'Short words, like love, hate or lead, have a clear ring which stirs our minds or our hearts. They but tell of the joy or grief, or rage or peace, of life or death. They are felt by all, for their terms mean the same thing to all men. We learn them in youth; they are on our lips through all our days, and we utter them down to the close of life. They are the apt terms with which we speak of things which are high or great or noble. They are the grand words of our tongue; they teach us how the world was made. "God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."

"Mark the words of more than one syllable."—*New York Tribune*.

Outclassed.

"My rich uncle sent me a present of a diamond bracelet."

"That's nothing. My rich aunt sent me a whole gross of eggs."

MAKING THINGS EASY

It was a notion store. Outside were big baskets filled with jelly glasses, scrubbing brushes, stoneware, toilet soaps and other articles at what impressed Chassway as ridiculously low prices. The windows displayed highly decorated china, toys, stationery and some odds and ends of hardware, among which Chassway noticed a card of padlocks price 10 cents. He remembered to have heard Mrs. Chassway say that there should be a padlock for the storeroom door. Here was an opportunity to please her and at the same time gratify his curiosity. It hardly seemed possible that a really good padlock could be obtained for 10 cents, but then everything seemed so cheap.

Chassway entered the store and a polite young man hurried around the counter to wait on him.

"Yes," said the young man, "the padlocks are good padlocks—open with a spring, as you will notice, sir, and two keys to every lock, all different."

"I'll take one," said Chassway. As he spoke his gaze wandered around the store.

"Anything else, sir?" asked the young man, insinuatingly.

Chassway hesitated and was lost. "Let me see," he said. "What's this?"

"That's an apple corer," said the young man. "You simply push it down through the apple and there's your core extracted quickly and neatly."

"That seems a pretty good thing," said Chassway, admiringly. "How much?"

"Five cents, sir. That's a potato slicer you have in your hand—works this way—for Saratoga chips or any vegetables you want sliced thin. Ten cents."

"I'll take one of them," said Chassway.

"That's a dandy furniture polish," said the young man. "I can specially recommend it, because I've used it myself. It's 10 cents a bottle only. I'd like to have you try it."

"Well, it won't hurt, I suppose, to try a bottle," said Chassway. "What are these brass things?"

"Picture hangers."

"Oh, of course. I didn't recognize them."

"Five cents a dozen."

"I don't know that I need any," said Chassway. "Still, at 5 cents a dozen, I guess they'll come in handy."

To summarize, when Chassway tore himself away he paid for a dozen brass hooks, a towel rack, a box of soap, a long wooden spoon, six patent gas tips, a closet clothesrack, a pair of rubber shoe heels, an egg beater, a bath thermometer, the picture hangers, furniture polish, potato slicer, apple corer and the padlock.

He exhibited his purchases with pride when they arrived that evening and Mrs. Chassway, after the first shock of surprise, was delightfully appreciative. The cook cast a cold eye upon them and merely sniffed.

That evening Chassway went out into the kitchen to put his screw hooks in appropriate places. He found that the woodwork was too hard to get them in without a gimlet. Similarly the old gas tips would not come out without pliers. All he could do was to tie a piece of string around the wooden spoon and hang it up and apply some of the furniture polish to a bureau top—and some to his trousers.

The next day, however, he made a special trip to the notion store and bought a gimlet and a pair of pliers. While he was about it he also bought a corrugated steak mallet, a wire drain, a can of enamel and a paintbrush, a wire potato masher, a salt-box, a gridiron, a tin bucket and a set of casters.

That time Mrs. Chassway was appreciative but not as intensely so as the day before. Chassway took off his coat, put in the patent gas tips and the screw hooks quite successfully. It was the cook's evening off, so he took advantage of her absence to invert the kitchen table and put the casters in its legs. "They will make it so much easier for her to move it around when she wants it," he explained.

The next morning the cook said: "Mr. Chassway, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to have you take them devilish little wheels out of me table. Sure, I can't cut a loaf of bread without sending it skatin' clear across the kitchen to fetch up wida bang ferminst the range."

One morning as Chassway was surreptitiously poking into the pantry drawers he discovered pretty nearly the whole miscellaneous assortment of labor-saving devices filling one of them—wooden spoon, nutmeg grater, potato parer, apple corer—everything but the hooks he had screwed into the woodwork.

"It's just that she's cranky, I suppose," said Mrs. Chassway soothingly. "She says the corer clogs and the slicer turns the potatoes red and the wooden spoon's a nuisance and the egg-beater scatters, and things like that; and she's as cross as she can be about your getting things. But I wouldn't take any notice of her, dear. She's the best cook we've had for some time and I think she means to stay with us if we let her have her own way in the kitchen."

"Well, there's one thing sure," said Chassway. "She can plug along with any old makeshift for all of me. I'll not put myself out to make things easy for her if she quits tomorrow."

"But, indeed, Chassway by that time had almost exhausted the notion store.

An Attack of Grip Always Leaves Kidneys In Weakened Condition

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root is a great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular size bottles 50 cts. and \$1.00. For sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper. Adv.

Spain in 1915 mined 2,402,000 tons of coal and imported 1,200,000 tons.

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For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which soures and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.—Adv.

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Farmer Hubbard—"Look all that look! I'll go and look. You see, don't they get cold like 'as much exposed'?"

If you are exposed to rain or snow you should take two or three doses of

Bosch's German Syrup

the universal remedy for colds or bronchitis. Stands pre-eminent today after more than half a century of successful treatment of the many disorders arising from exposure. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all druggists and dealers everywhere.

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